

A D A M S

Complaint.

THE
Olde Worlde Tragedie.

Dauid and Bathsheba.

A Ioue Musa.



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A D A M S

Compliments

THE

Old-World Tragedy

and the

Admiral



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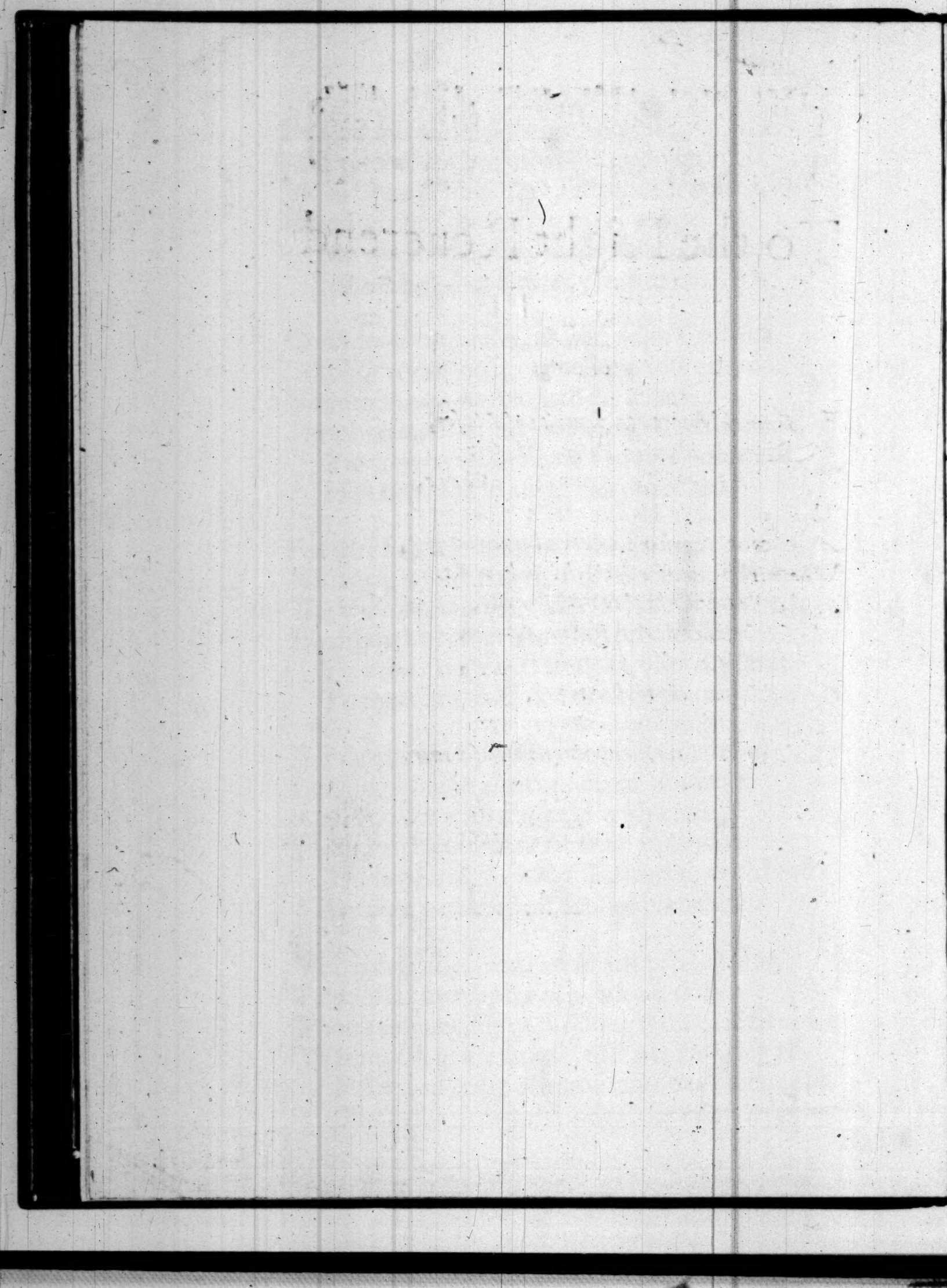
To the Right Reuerend

Father, *Richard* by the Prouidence of God,
Bishop of *Peterborough*, F. S. wisheth in-
crease of temporall and spirituall
blessings.

Learned Meccœnas, *favorite of Muses,*
Renowned Patron, *bater of abuses:*
Who sitting in Religions golden Chaire,
Thou her, she thee adornes with vertues rare.
As Phœbe from her Phœbus borrowes light,
Wherwith againe she decketh him by night.
So likewise thou: She thee with swauity,
Thou gracest her with moderne grauitie.
Both I my selfe, and Muse will now assay,
Our tributorie debt to thee to pay.
By dutie bound, vnbound I can be neuer,
Vow'd to your Lordships seruice now and ener.

Your Lordships at commandment.

FRANCIS SABIE.



ADAMS

Complaint.

New formed *Adam* of the 'reddish earth,'
Exilde from *Eden*, Paradise of pleasure:
By Gods decree cast down to woes from mirth,
From lasting joyes to sorrowes out of measure:
Fetch'd many a sigh, comparing his estate
With happie blisse, which he forewent of late.

Rowse vp thy selfe (my Muse) a tale to tell,
A dolefull tale in sad and plaintiue verse:
How man in blisse from happinesse once fell,
Although not woont such horrors to rehearse.
Oh great *Iehouah*, heauens great Architect,
In this sad worke my fainting Muse dire &c.

With pensiue heart he trac'd the earth new founded,
Wrining his hands in lamentable wise: (ded;
Earth neuer with ground-cleauing ploughshare woun-
Now to the starry globe he cast his eyes,
And now to *Eden* where he erst remained,
From which with fiery sword he was detained:

O haplesse *Adam* (quoth he) vnkind father,
Vnnaturall Parent, childrens fatall foe:
From whence all mankind doe such curses gather:
Authour of death, first bringer in of woe.
No sooner fram'd of thine al-making God,
Then purchasing his sin-correcting rod,

ADAMS

Did not *Iehouah* lend to thee his grace,
More plentifull then other liuing things:
Who hauing fram'd thee, did prouide a place,
Euen Paradise, the shadow of his winges.
Amongst a thousand sundry kinds of meat,
Forbidding thee one only fruit to eat.

Consider birds, beasts, fish, and other Creature,
Behold, they all looke groueling on the ground:
He vnto heauen erected hath thy feature,
That thou maist see his woonders, which abound.
Yet thou on whom most louingly he looked,
Hast first of all to anger him prouoked.

For thee he made heauens Azur-painted cou'ring,
Adorning it with starres, with Sunne, with Moone:
The blustering windes within the aire be hou'ring,
That thou his maruels mightst behold alone.
Yet thou his greatest fabricke, with thy sinne
To anger him didst first of all beginne.

For thee he fram'd earths euen-poyسد globe,
Hanging it in the aire to humane woonder:
And decked it with fruites, as with a robe,
Making the seas deuide the same in sunder.
The seas he dight with fish, the earth with beasts
For thee, yet thou hast broken his behests.

What didst thou want amid that pleasant plot,
Prepar'd for thee, by his all-working skill:
Thou canst not thinke, the thing thou haddest not,
Without all grieve thou liued'st, not knowing yll,
Pride, and desire of knowledge made thee taste
The fruite, which did indeed thy knowledge waste.

Had

COMPLAINT.

Had not thy God layd, taste not of the tree,
The fruit perhaps had still remain'd vntouched:
Hencefoorth shall this enormity by thee
In minds of thy posterity be couched,
Burning desire of secrets which are hidden,
And fiery zeal of things which are forbidden.

What made thy wife the fruit so to desire,
The goodly hue and beautie of the same?
What did allure and set thy mind on fire?
The glozing words of thy seducing Dame,
Henceforth therefore will womens words & beautie
Seducers be of mankind from their dutie.

Blind *Enab*, saw'st thou not as in a glasse,
How Sathan with his guiles did circumuent thee?
Beheld'st thou not the brittle world alas,
How it with vading vanity did tempt thee.
Then how the flesh did combat with the Spirit,
And all of heauenly blisse thee to disherite.

O certaine type, true figure, perfect map
Of future euilles t' all mankind to fall:
These still with sleights, as in a subtile trap,
Will seeke to make all humane offspring thrall.
Whilst Sun remaines, & whilst Moon doth endure,
These archfoes will their treason put in vire.

Wouldst thou in blisse not keep one little law?
How wilt thou now a multitude obserue,
When many thousand deuils thy mind withdraw,
To which thou canst not choose but needs must swerue?
And hauing sweru'd, thy conscience plainly saith,
That euery sin deserues a senerall death.

ADAMS

Then viewed he the cerule-colored Pole,
 With pitchy clouds which gan to be obscured,
 Blacke foggie mists rose from earths lumpish mole,
 Earths mole by plow-swaine neuer yet manured.

Ayme (quoth he) this may a token be,
 That for my sinne my maker frownes on me.

Day-guiding *Sol* with his bright-burning lampe,
 Obscures his beames, in clowdes his glorie hiding:
 Night-ruling *Luna* waxeth pale and dampe,
 Asham'd of me, my glory not abiding.

Star-bearing skies, with your earth-cou'ring valt,
 For me it is, you frowne for my default.

Rain-sending clowdes, poure out your watry showers
 On earth, vast Orbe, which from the seas you borrow:
 Cold-causing frosts deface the fragrant flowers
 With hoarie rymes, true types of future sorrow:

Adam now made, his maker hath offended,
 To whom so many blessings he extended.

Ah how Dame *Ver* the ground with flowers spread,
 Vauting her selfe amid that pleasant pallace:
 Foure chrystall lakes distilled from one head:
 Refreshing hearbs with humor, thee with sollace,
 Thou didst not sow, no labour didst thou take,
 The earth bore all things neuer toucht with rake,

See now how Sommers beauty-spyling drought
 Earth of her party-coloured vestments robs:
 Transporting all the buds which *Ver* had brought,
 To fruitlesse hay, dry straw, and withered shrubs.

Then mystic *Autumne* with his raigne, boreantes
 The earth of hearbes, the trees of parched leaues.

COMPLAINT.

If any Vernall remnant yet be left:
By *Aestas* heat, and Autumns raine not spoyled:
The same by chil-cold Winter is bereft
Of vigor: and with hoary frosts deuoyled.
Frost making earth a Chaos to resemble,
For mine offence, wheron to thinke I tremble.

The blewish skyes did only me protect,
I sought not for a stately brick-built Castle:
I needed not a sheltring rooffe erect,
Against tempestuous windes and raine to wrastle.
The sturdie Oake in mountain tops did stand,
The stones lay still, I tooke them not in hand.

Now *Adam* stir thee like the nimble pricket,
Pursu'd with houndes, ransacke thy Grandams bones,
Cut downe the massie Oke from grouie thicker,
To forge a tyled rooffe for playned itones.
Forge thee a shelter, edifice an holde,
To shield thee from the rage of winde and colde.

As I was made, so liu'd I with my spouse,
Both naked were, yet knew it not (O rarenesse)
We felt no colde, yet liued in no house,
We blushed not one at anothers barenesse.
But (out alas) what shamefastnes we suffred.
When vgly sinne our nakednesse vncou'red.

Learne heer (O all posterities) the shrewdnesse
Of Sathan, and his treacherous assaults:
VWho hauing once seduced man to lewdnesse,
Exaggerates the greatnesse of his faults,
Making him blush like *Adam* in the garden.
Only to bring him in dispaire of pardon.

ADAMS.

Ye winged birds, send out your wofull quips
In leauelesse trees, once glutting you with berries:
Cold winter now your tender bodies nips.
Depriuing earth of hearbs, and trees of Cheries:
Your euerlasting Spring abridged is,
And all for *Adams* who hath done amisse,

Four-footed beasts inhabitants of field,
Poure out your plaints among the rurall brambles,
Now must your hides mans corps from weather shield,
Your carkasses hang vp on bloody shambles.
Dine in the deep, ye water-hanting Fishes,
Now must ye serue to nourish man in dishes.

Help to lament, ye water-flowing Fountaines,
Congealing Frosts your passages will hinder:
Keep in your buds, ye Gote-frequented mountaines,
Receiuers of the hoarie frosts of winter.
Woods, hearbs, and trees, all terrene things bewayle,
Teares ease the mind, though little doe preuaile,

Proud *Adam* not content with thy condition,
Blessed estate, and ten times happie calling:
Sought'st to atchieue more glory, whose ambition
Hath wrought thy fatall ouethrow in falling.
Aspiring to the knowledge of thy maker,
hast lost that blisse wherof thou wert partaker.

This roote of pride (this neuer-withering weed)
Prouoker first of mankind vnto follie:
Will still attaint and cleaue vnto thy seed,
As twinding Yuie on the tender *Hollie*.
Imbracing it, till it hath suck'd it drie,
And wanting sap, they both together die.

This

COMPLAINT.

This noysome root in euery ground will spring,
The meanest man in thought will still aspire:
The Potentate will seeke to be a King,
The King to be an Emperour will desire,
And he to be more higher in degree,
Will also striue, if higher he may bee.

I sought moe dainties hauing ouer manie,
From hence shall come desire of varietie:
Contentment seldome will be found in anie,
Lothsome contempt will wait vpon satietie.
All men from me will this infection plucke,
As Spyders doe from flowers poyson sucke.

Fond wretches, who in sinfull follie blinde,
Did thinke to hide you from *Iehonahs* face:
As doth the purblind *Hare*, or fearfull *Hind*,
Whom yelping hounds doe still pursue in chace.
Ah no, ye cannot, his all-seeing eie
Will find you out, where euer you doe lie.

Take I to me the south-windes ayrie winges,
And in the vtmost coast of earth conuay mee:
Take I to me the Dolphins watery finnes,
And in the seas vnsounded-bottom lay mee:
Let earth into her secret wombe me swallow,
Yet will his glorious eie-beams thill me follow.

My guilty conscience sayd, I had offended,
What sting on earth more hellish can we find,
Afore it is which cannot be amended,
A worme which alwayes gnawes vpon the mind.
Run where I will, into all lands betake me,
Yet will a wounded conscience ne'r forsake me.

ADAMS.

O thundring sayings: terrifying wordes,
Heart-taming speeches, cleauing rockes in sunder:
Proceeding from the supream Lord of Lords:
VVhich in mine eares resounded like a thunder,
Words causing earth an Aspen leafe resemble,
Which at the breath of euerie wind doth tremble.

VVhere art thou *Adam*? shamest thou my Deitie,
Ay me, needs must I my sinne display:
Supposing earst my vicious impietie,
That euery shaking bramble would bewray.
Thus shall it also fare with all my seede,
Committing any detestable deed.

How faine would I my guiltie mind haue cleared,
Alleadging *Eue* was causer of mine euill:
She to excuse her selfe, as then appeared,
Laid all the fault vpon the subtill Deuill.
Like clowds which pour their rain vpon hic-waies,
They into riuers, riuers into seas,

This sayd; he turn'd him to the vtill'd field,
VVhere vncloth weeds, and fruitlesse brambles breed,
The earth which earst most fragrant hearbs did yeeld,
VVith thornes and thistles now was ouer-spread.
Oh see (quoth he) the earth for mine yll deeds,
Rob'd of braue robes, and clad in baser weedes.

Deare Grandam earth, thy fountaine heads set open,
Like Chrystall teares, my sorrowes to discover:
Now must thy mole with deluing share be broken:
A crooked rake thy tilled field passe ouer.
For me these thrubs and prickling thorns thou bearest
For me these yll-beseeming weedes thou rearest.

The

COMPLAINT.

The heifar now in fields must not be idle,
The seruile Assc must beare an heauy packe:
The Courser braue restrained with a bridle,
The silly sheep his woolly fleece must lacke.
Horse, sheepe, Assc, heifar help me all to mone,
I causer am of all your woes alone,

Still thought he on this string to tune his woes,
And forward went, but loe, three-horned Cattle
Neer vnto him amid proud bearing Does,
With frowning gesture menaced a battle.
At length not able to forbear him longer,
Two weaker ones ran both against the stronger.

Th'encountred beast receiuing others stroke,
With like assault the one of them requighted,
Assault resounding like a falling Oke,
Which threw th'one backe, the other fled affrighted.
And left his friend distrest, his foe insulted,
The victorer triumphantly insulted.

Ah see (he sayth) see heer a world of woe,
An heap of euils vnto thy seed ensuing:
What maladies from lewd desires doe growe,
As beasts, so men with sauagenesse induing.
Ay me, what dolours, euils, and deeds vnjust
Shall not arise to man through sinfull lust.

Heer maist thou haue a president of warres,
Tumultuous discord, horrible dissention,
Blood-shedding horror, disagreeing jarres,
Inhumaine murthers, pitifull contention:
The mightiest shall be viewed on of all,
The poore dispis'd, the weaker thrust to wall.

A D A M S

Whilst things go well friends will be alwayes neer thee
 Prosperity will loued be of many :
 But falling downe, thy dearest friends will feare thee,
 Aduersity not holpen vp of any.

The fawning beast doth this presignifie,
 Who quite forlooke his friend in misery.

The small shall subiect be vnto the greater,
 Nobility through strength shall make his entrie:
 The welthyer will thinke himselfe the better,
 For couetousnesse will spring, the root of Gentry.
 Though all sprong from one father and one mother,
 Yet euery one will striue t'excell his brother.

See how the Eagle with his bloody clawes
 Doth massacre the house-frequenting Sparrow :
 The lordly Lyon with his murdering jawes,
 Doth rend the Hind as earth is rent of harrow.
 The fearfull Whale, that monster in the deep
 The lesser fish doth in his bellie keepe.

Whale, Eagle, Lyon, fitly ye presage
 Blood-sucking tyrants and inhumaine murderers,
 Which will the weaker sort oppresse with rage,
 Arch-foes to vertue, and to vices furtherers.
 Blush *Adam*, blush to name these dreadful terrors,
 First causer of all maladies and errors.

The pleasant Larke delights to mount on hie,
 The little wren neer to the earth below :
 The greedy Gleyd betwixt them both doth flie,
 The Dove in course is swift, the Lapwing slowe.
 The shew mens sundry callings and conditions,
 These note mens diuers minds and dispositions.

The

COMPLAINT.

The ayerie-winged blasts as euer mutable,
And neuer in one certaine place abide:
So mans condition shall be euer changeable,
No ground so firme in which he shall not slide.
What seat so strong or what so sure estate
which shall not subject be to frowning fate.

O happie wight, ten times shall he be blest,
VVho with the wren dare not presume to mount:
VVith meane estate contented who doth rest,
And blisse in sole tranquility doth count,
Considering that great things are view'd of all,
And highest things are soonest like to fall:

That highest things are soonest like to fall,
The reaching Pine on mountaines doth betoken,
which sooner then the shrub or bramble small,
with raging blastes of hoysing windes are broken.
VVhat mortall things hencefoorth on earth ensuing
Shall not be subject to times fatall ruin.

Times ruin shall so dyre obliuion breed
In men, that noting their so frayle variety,
Forgetting me, the cause thereof, my seed
Shall faine to Fate an euer-changing deity.
Proportraying her vpon a round wheele dancing,
Euerting some, and other some aduancing.

'Alas, no sooner night-expelling morning,
Al.-hyding heauen from her blacke rug exemp teth:
But viewing me, and mine offences scorning,
Her snowie cheekes with rednes she besprenteth,
Disdaining *Sols* bright beams should long behold me
In *Sable* night bright *Hesperus* doth fold me.

ADAMS

Vile Couetousnes in me first tooke his roote,
For mee things thirsting, when nothing I wanted:
Still shall it hold my children by the foote,
And in the hearts of all my seed be planted.

Now shall rush in the greedy zeale of mony,
which men will labour for, as Bees for hony.

Now shall rush in the fiery thirst of gaine,
And golde in bowels of the earth inclosed:
Which men by toyle and labour will obtaine,
And coffer vp from his darke dungeon losed.
By mortall wightes rare mettals will be knocked,
Which earth in her close treasure-house had locked;

Now shall be found the hurtfull mine of Iron,
For which men wil into earths bellie enter:
The glittering Steele besieged foes r'euiron,
They now will into swords and Lances temper.
What mortall thing so hard? or what so geason,
Wil not be done and found by humaine reason?

The lofty Pine which mountaine top affoord,
Cut downe, shall now into a Mast be squared:
The yellow brasse nayled to Firre-tree boords,
Shall cut the seas, as earth with plough is ared.
Sea-Porpoises and Dolphins huge shall woonder,
To see their Cerule waters cleft in sunder,

The ruddie Diamond and the Saphir faire,
In th' vtmost coast of earth shall now be sought,
The bright Smaragd, the Pearl, and Onix rare,
Fetch'd from the East, full dearly shall be bought,
O into what so deepe and huge an hell,
Will not the thirst of riches men compell?

This

COMPLAINT.

This sayd, on earth his glowring eyes he fastned,
There saw an Ant, a little creeping elfe,
Who dragg'd with her a Barley graine, and hastned
Home to her caue, graine bigger then her selfe:
O learne he cries, learne *Adam* of this Ant,
To worke in youth, least afterward thou want.

Behold the Bee, a silly painfull creature,
How wittily shee laboreth in Sommer:
Reposing food, shee only taught by nature,
Least barraine winters penurie should numb her,
Her industrie giues to thee an example,
how thou shouldst liue, & in what waies to trample.

Now *Adam* must thou labour, ditch and delue,
Graft, plant, walke, run, hedge, fence, plow, harrow, sowe
Pluck downe, reare vp, set munifie, build shelue,
VVeep, laugh, striae, wrastle, bind vp, gather, mowe,
Thresh, cary out, grind, bake, brue, spin and card,
Knock, beat, wash, dry, buy, sell, sleep, watch and ward

In sweat of browes and horrible vexation,
To get my liuing shall I be constrained:
VWhat shall man see but dolefull tribulation,
Vnto his death from time that he is wained.
Nought shall his race be but a vale of sinning,
Fond, sinfull, fraile, in end, midst and beginning.

How vaine is wordly pompe? how fraile and brittle?
How soon is man of earthlie things bereft:
His pleasures passe as swiftly as a shittle
Cast from the weauers right hand to the left:
His orient hue as vading as a flower,
VWhich flourisheth and dyeth in an hower.

ADAMS.

O wretched man! O life most transitorie!
Deceitfull world, foule sinke of filthy errors:
Eye-pleasing shades of vaine delightfull glorie
Deepe gulfe of sinne, vast dungeon of terrors,
Receptacle of woful tribulations
Grand treasure-house of all abominations.

O sea of sorrowes, laborinth of woes,
Vale full of cares: abyffe of imbecilitie:
Thief-harbouring house, field full of armed foes,
Stil-turning orb, true map of mutability.
Affoording man as many false yl-willers
As woods haue trees, as trees haue Caterpillers,

O lumpish earth *Iehonah* me created,
To th'end I should not glorie in my feature:
And I againe to earth must be translated
By Gods iust doome, the end of euery creature.
Then wherto should I trust on earth abiding,
Sith for my fault all earthly things are sliding,

When first of all man draweth virall breath
And spirite, he to die beginneth then:
No worldly thing more certaine then is death,
Nor more vncertaine then the hower when.
O lend me then a font of springing teares,
To weep my fill for mans ynconstant yeares.

Ah weladay, me thinks for mine offences,
My God sayth still I must to earth againe:
O how the thought of death appales my senses,
Though end it be of all mans woe and paine,
So likewise shall all my posteritie
Feare it, though end of all calamity.

COMPLAINT.

O great *Iehouah*, woonderfull in might,
How wisely hast thou wrought all things, concealing
The certaine houre of death from mortal wight,
Yet certaintie thereof to him reuealing.
Done surely by thy skilfull prouidence,
That man should feare and learne obedience.

Me thinks I see (O let me yet diuine)
How many of my sonnes will goe astray,
Erecting houses, raysing buildings fine,
As though they were inthroniz'd here for ay.
O let them know that for my soule offence,
by Gods iust doome all flesh must wander hence.

Not he that shall on earth the longest dwell,
Not he that shall in prowesse be the rarest,
Not he that shall in wisdom most excel,
Not he that shall in visage be the fairest.
With wisdom, beautie, age or courage fell
Shall able be impartiall death to expell.

O wretched *Egab*, mankinds deadlie Foe;
Accursed Grandame, most yngentle mother,
Sin-causing woman, bringer of mans woe,
Woe to thy selfe, and woe vnto all other.
Thy mighty maker in his iust displeasure
Hath multipli'd thy sorrowes out of measure.

In paine shalt thou thy seed conceiue and beare,
In peril shalt thou of it be discharged:
Thou shalt it foster vp with tender care,
A thousand wayes thy griefs shall be enlarged:
Thou shalt be guided by thy mans direction,
He as a Lord shall haue thee in subjection.

ADAMS.

O cursed worme, O exorable serpent:
 Blisse-hating Dragon: most abhorred creature:
 Infectious Adder: venom-breathing verment,
 The food of enuie, sdeignfull scorne of Nature:
 Fals-hearted traitor, harbourer of euill:
 Darke den of spight, foule cabbini of the Deuill:

Most lothsome be thou of *Iehonahs* worke,
 Enuyed both of man and feeding cattell:
 In vnfrequented valleyes shalt thou lurke,
 And with thy stinging tongue still menace battell.
 Man seeing thee, shall feare and seeke thy bane,
 As instrumentall author of his paine.

For want of feet: through woods and deserts thicke
 Vpon thy griefflic belly shalt thou slide:
 And for thy food dust of the earth shalt lick,
 Such plagues shall thee (O lothsome worme) betide,
 Such woes on thee *Iehonah* hath disbursed,
 Pronouncing thee of all his workes most cursed.

The husband-man among the rurall bushes,
 VVill start, and thinke each moouing twig a foe:
 Still fearing least among the marshy rushes
 Thou lying hid, shouldst worke his second woe.
 Thy deadly sting, and golden speckled hew,
 In false pretence thy glosing words doe shew

But thou (O sathan) proud infernall deuill,
 Chiefe actor in this dolefull tragedie:
 Lord of ambition, maister of all euill,
 Thy fatall fall behold I prophecie:
 From out the woman shall an issue spring,
 VVhich will preuayle against thy deadly sting.

Between

COMPLAINT.

Between her seed and thee (O fearfull fiend)
Shall be continuall enmity and fight:
Thou shalt but pricke her heele, she in the end
Shall conquer thee, and ouerthrow thy might.
Then man reioyce, O *Adam* cease to waile,
Thy conqueror shall now no whit preuaile.

O woondrous pittie, vnderued kindnesse,
Of earths-sole founder to the worke he made:
Who seeing man cast downe in sinne and blindnesse,
So speedily him promis'd help and ayd.
Ayd, certaine ayd. his arch-foe to repell,
To conquer death, and conquer conquering hel.

Reioyce then earth, cease frowning heauens to glower,
Now broken are hels euer-lasting barres,
From whence man tooke by Gods almighty power,
Shall mount aloft aboue the twinkling starres:
There with the womans seed which promis'd is,
For euermore to raigne in heauenly blisse.

Ye chirping birds, whose partie colloured plumes
With gentle sound the whistling aire doe trouble:
In shady dales send forth your dolefull tunes,
Let Ecchoes shrill your dulcid notes redouble.
Adam your Lord exil'd from *Eden* garden-
By faith and mercy hath obtayned pardon.

Harmonious Larke, let neuer blushing morning
See dankish earth, but mount thou from the ground:
And blewish skies with pleasant notes adorning.
For mans redemption signes of mirth resound:
Sweet *Philomene*, let neuer *Hesper* shine
Ere thou haue tun'd a thousand ditties fine.

ADAMS

Mild *Enrus* raigne in blustering *Boreas* place,
Leap sportiue fish about the Chrystall riuer:
Man reconciled to his God by grace,
Shall now in heavenly blisse abide for euer.
For these glad tydings, frolike tender lambes,
In pastures pleasant with your merie dammes.

And lastly, *Adam*, sith it is decreed,
That thou must fight ere thou canst win the fort:
Fight manfully, trust in the promised seed,
And be most sure thou shalt arriue the port,
Port full of joy and heavenly blessednes.
Free from all cares, and worldly wretchednes.

FINIS.

The old Worlds Tragedie.

I Sing of horrors sad and dreadfull rage,
Of stratagems wrought in the former age,
Contagious vice, and in conclusion,
Of massacres, death and confusion:
Vouchsafe my muse, my dolefullst muse to tell
What made the King of heauen to be so fell:
Sole Architect of earth and earthly landes,
So furiously the fabricke of his handes
To bring to ruine: can *Iehonah* then
Poure out such fearfull threats on mortall men,
Full sixteen hundred years from worlds creation,
And fifty sixe by sacred computation:
When liuing things replenished the ground.
And earth with mortall wights did first abound:
A dolefull Tragedie was brought to passe,
Earth was the stage whereon it acted was,
Vpon the stage first came impietic,
Vaunting her selfe against the Deity.
She in short time began to growe to hed,
And all the earth at length she captiue led.
Then came in foule desire and lothsome lust,
She in short time seduced euen the just:
Who gazing on the beautie of the wicked,
Began with lewd concupiscence be pricked.
In matrimony to their daughters linking
Their sonnes, and at sinnes derestable winking.

The olde Worlds.

The Host was oftentimes slaine by lodged stranger,
Guest of his hoste stood many times in danger.
Vile Auarice all mortall hearts possessed,
The weaker lay in euery street oppressed:
Men fought by cruell bloodshed gaine to gather,
The sonne for riches sought to slay his father:
The brother mixed poyson for his brother,
She for her daughter: daughter for her mother.
Pale enuie left her Adder-haunted den,
And rul'd on earth as supream Queene of men,
Aspiring pride with weapons in her hand,
To warre against humility did stand,
Wherewith in fight she killed her at last,
And from the stage all massacred her cast.
Then dreadfull wrath met patience at the field,
And shortly she compelled her to yeeld.
Fals-hearted treason like a faithfull louer,
His woluish backe with sheepish skin did couer:
And meeting with true friendship seeretely,
Gauc her the stab (O monstrous villanie)
Fidelity lay slaine by treacherie,
Pure chastitie by lothsome letcherie:
Here lay the seruant by the master killed,
There masters blood lay by the seruant spilled.
Then might you see man-murthring falshood fight
With verity, and ouercome her quite:
Religion by Atheisme proud was banisht,
And she forthwith to heavenly kingdomes vanisht:
As soone as ere good Conscience shew'd her head,
By disobedience she was stroken dead.
Then Gluttony vpon the stage made entrance
Prodigiously who slew dame Temperance.

Excesse

Tragedie.

Excesse appear'd with strange varietie,
And fiercelie put to flight Sobriety.
Enuious Anger vehementlie assailed
Dame Patience, and in the end preuayled.
Then moumted on the earth obliuious Sloth,
She Industrie and labor conquer'd both,
Iniustice lastlie with an hideous rout
Of hellish furies trac'd the stage about:
Her visage sterne, her hands in blood imbrued
Her breast of Iron, vgly Toads she spued:
Her standerd-bearer was ambitious pride,
And next vnto her went Don Homicide,
Next vnto them a ranke of Enuies brood,
Begirt with Adders, serpents were their food:
Straight after them excesse and gluttonie,
Deformed Sloth, and impious Simphonie
A thousand other stygian haggas and moe,
Then with their Queen impietie did grow.
Whom just *Astrea* seeing in this sort,
A sudden teare amaz'd her mean report,
And leauing earth with all that hideous crew,
Vnto the skies without delay she flew.
And now huge Gyants vpon earth remained,
with whose vile offspring al the earth was stained
Of them to Damfels faire committing seed,
A deuillish kind of people there did breed:
A People fierce and of exceeding stature
Pestiferous, and prone to sin by nature.
These tyranniz'd and liued at their pleasure,
Oppressing weaker people without measure.
With dreadfull rigor keeping them in awe,
Despising iustice, breaking Natures law.

The old worldes

These heaped sinne on sinne, and fault on fault,
As high as *Pelion* or *Olympus* vault:
As high as *Pindus* or steep *Ossa* either,
Were *Pindus* or steep *Ossa* clapt together,
When suddenly from his most glorious throne,
Whereon he sitting guides all things alone.
Iehonah founder of the starrie pole,
Of waterie seas, and of the earthly mole,
Daign'd vpon earth his sacred eies to cast,
Eies seeing all things in the world so vast.
He saw how vice had growne vnto a head,
Injustice all the earth had ouerspread:
He saw how sinne and vile impietie
Vanted themselues against his Deitie.
The Adder-pawed gyants, mounts of euill
Touching the skies, base children of the deuill.
His sacred head heerat he gan to shake,
Wherat the skies, the earth, and all did quake:
He sighed, and most sorrowfull he was,
That euer mortall man was brought to passe:
He grieu'd in heart that euer he created
Man, who with sinne was so contaminated.
All things (quoth he) wherein remaineth breath,
I purpose to destroy with sudden death:
This hand which fram'd all mortall things alit,
All earthlie things of life shall now deprive,
From man to beasts, from birds to things which creep,
All flesh shall taste of my displeasure deep.
The birds swift winges shall not his body saue,
The Lyons force, nor Giants courage braue.
Thus am I minded, thus doe I intend,
All liuing creatures now shall haue an end.

But

Tragedie.

But yet on earth one only man there dwelled
All other men in justice who excelled:
The third from *Enoch* was he in descent,
Enoch who all his life vprightly spent:
Enoch of life who neuer was bereauen,
Enoch who liuing was rapt into heauen,
Methushelah who all men did surpasse
In length of life, his Grandfire cleped was.
It was iust *Noah*, *Lamechs* sonne vpright:
Three sonnes he had, *Shem*, *Ham* & *Japhet* hight
He loued vertue, vice he did eschew,
Jehouah therfore fauour did him shew.
Againe Earths-founder his all-seeing eyes
Cast on the world from top of *Cerule* skies.
Againe he saw all wickednes abound,
In all the earth no justice could be found.
The children bathed in their fathers blood,
All nought he saw, and nothing that was good
Vast fields of sin, Abysses fraught with lewdnes
Realmes full of errors, mountaines huge of shrewdnes.
The height whereof vnto his throne ascended,
And with their stench his nostrils fore offended
Then vnto *Noah*, *Lamechs* sonne he spake,
An end of all things now I meane to make:
All flesh wherein remaineth liuing spirit,
Of vitall breath I purpose to disherit.
Ah how it grieues me now that I haue framed
Man, who with sin the earth hath so defamed.
Make thee an *Arke* of *Pine* trees verie strong,
Three hundred cubits shalt thou make it long.
Threescore in breadth, and thirty cubits hie,
Make rooms in it where seuerall things may lie.

lie

The oldo' overldes

Three fundrie stories shalt thou in it frame;
And round about with pitch close vp the same;
For I vpon the earth a flood will bring,
Wherwith I will subuert ech liuing thing,
But vnto thee my couenant will I make,
My couenant which I neuer meane to breake;
Thou with thy wife, thy sons, & thy sons wiues
Shal in the arke be shut and saue your liues.
Of euery lining creature also twaine,
A male and female shall with thee remaine,
And lay vp food for thee and euery creature,
Euen seuerall food according to their nature.
The ark was made, & al things brought to passe
As God commanded, so it framed was.
Then spake *Iehouah* vnto him, goe thou
Into the arke with all thy household now:
For seu'n dayes hence shall mighty rain abound
Wherwith I mean to couer al the ground.
Then *Noah* with his family also
Iust eight persons into the arke did goe,
And now the hower was neer, the fatal hower
Wherin *Iehouah* meant to shew his power:
Sixet times *Aurora* with her blushing hew
Had seene the earth all darke with hoary dew.
Now pitchie night six times gan dim the skies,
Last night of sollace vnto mortall eyes:
O *Luna* still detaine thy blackish horse,
Let neuer dismall *Tytan* run his course,
Bright *Vesper* still continue thou thy race.
Let neuer fatall day-star thee deface.
Who can alas, expresse the dolefull ruin,
And piteous horror of the day ensuin.

Now

Tragedie.

Now fro her chamber comes the scowling morning,
Her selfe still in a night-gowne blacke adorning:
Tytan arose, but yet his glorious head
With pitch-resembling cloudes was ouerspread,
Blacke foggie mystes rose from the earthly mole,
Ascending vp vnto the acry pole.
Windes thronged foorth, and stroue in skies aloft,
As ciuill warres among them had been wrought,
As craggie hils had broken been by charmes,
As all *Eolia* had beene vp in armes.
Windes, ayre and cloudes, all meant the ayre to sacke,
O now or neuer goes the world to wracke,
Then thou (O woe) heauens Archite& began
To poure thy feareful threats on mortall man:
The glowring skies resounded like a thunder,
As though heauens sacred vault had cleft in sunder,
As though ten thousand Cannons huge discharged
Their roaring sounds with fall of forts enlarged.
His right hand shoke the earth, his left hand crushed
The clouds, then raine in great abundance rushed,
Raine poured foorth, yet not content, his anger
Enforced swelling tydes on earth to wander,
Then broken were the heads of watrie fountaines,
They gushed from the feet of craggie mountaines,
Seas lent them waues their courses to maintaine,
Earth made them passage to his vtter bane,
Now had the morne still clad in mourning weeds,
Thrise open'd gates to *Phxbus* fiery steeds,
Steeds smoking wet, yet from his flaming carre,
No light did come, blacke mystes his light did scarre:
And now the three dayes raine and flowing floods
Had spoyled quite green hearbs and pleasant buds:

E

And

The olde Worlds.

And shortly did the husband man complaine,
That all his whole years trauell and his paine
Were brought to ruin, corne and goodly flowers
Were prostrate laid with ouer-flowing showers.
The fillie birds with violence of weather
In bushes thicke did shroud themselves together:
Beasts shrinking vnder grouie hedges stood
Halfe drown'd with wet, halfe dead for want of food.
By this time waters all the earth did couer,
The falling raine and rising flouds ran ouer
All champion countries, where men lately plowed
Now waters stood, and Scullers might haue rowed.
O then on earth was heard a piteous crie,
Men crying out, beasts roaring plaintiuelly.
Then first of all began the Gyants sterne
To shake for feare, and flinty hearts to yerne.
Raine falling, and seas rising without pittie,
Made entrance into euerie house and cittie:
As when a Fort or sacked citties walles,
With violence of rampir'd engines falles,
The furious foe runnes raging through the streets,
With bloody weapons killing whom he meetes.
An hideous cry and sound ariseth then
Of mayned women and distressed men.
Men seeing weapons come to worke their bane,
Yet could not shun them: O what greater paine?
So far'd it with the people of this time,
Some vpon roofes and turrets high did clime,
One takes the highest mountaine he can see,
Another sits a fishing in a tree.
One thrusts himselte into a wherry boat,
And desperately vpon the waues dorth floate.

And

Tragedie.

And euery one did seeke to clyme aloft,
For euerie one to shun the waters sought,
They saw the waters come to stop their breath,
Yet could not shun't, O greater grieve then death.
Their dollours might haue been compared well
To one that dying heares the passing bell.
Some were already drown'd, thus stood the case,
He liu'd the longest who had highest place:
And now were turrets high and mountaines couered,
And leaue trees which in the aire erst houered:
O lend me words the dollours to display,
The Fatall horrors of this dismall day.
There might you see how louingly the mother
With her sweet daughter kissed one the other:
One piteously requesting others help,
Yet neither of them knew to ayd him selfe.
The dying sonne now at the latest gaspe,
About his clasping fathers peck did claspe:
And ready now to bid their last farewell,
Were snatched both with seas and billows fel:
The Lord & seruant both at one time snatched,
One furiously hold on the other catched:
And still in surging waues together cleft,
Till both of breath together were bereft.
The tyrannizing Giants bodies grim
Now with the criples liuelesse corps did swim:
The subject with the scepter-bearing king,
The murthring billows spar'd no liuing thing:
Some might you see halt dead and halfe aliue,
Like water-fowles now rise, & now to diue:
Some turning round, and violently borne
Al headlong downe, their lims in sunder torn.

The olde Worlds.

The bristle-bearing bore, and gentle sheepe
Swam both together in the surging deep.
The silly Lambe was with the rauening Wolfe
Drown'd in the vast no-pitie taking gulf.
The liuelesse Lyon in the deep did swim,
Nought did the Tygers courage profit him,
Nought booted it the Beare to roar and grind,
No profit by his swiftnesse got the Hind.
And hauing long time with exceeding paine
Flowne through the aire, disturbed still with raine,
The wearie bird not finding any ground,
Fals downe in seas, and at the last is drown'd.
And now the Arke where *Noah* did abide,
Was hoisted vp with ouer-swelling tide.
One while all hidden to the earth it fell,
As though it would haue gone to visio hell,
One while againe it seemed to arise,
And suddenly would mount vp to the skies:
No sterne it had, no mast, no sayle, no guide,
But caried was at pleasure of the tide.
Twise twenty dayes as blacke as any cole
The murthering raine distilled from the Pole.
The tallest mountaines in the world so wide,
Now couered were with ouer-swelling tide.
The ayrie Alpes and eke *Pernaassus* faire
Now hidden were with waues, a woonder rare,
Snow-bearing *Pindus* and *Olympus* steep,
Both at this time lay hidden in the deep.
Now first of all igniferous *Aetnas* caues,
And *Ciclops* flames were quench'd with salt-sea waues,
Sweet-smelling *Ida* and sacred *Ismarus*,
Aspiring *Pelion* and hard *Caucasus*,

Tragedie.

In *Scythian* mounts, where murdering Tygres hanted:
Now vgly shapes of monstrous sea-fish vanted:
The Dolphins woonders vnder watric floods,
To see faire turrets and thicke grouie woods.
In steed of sacrifice on Altars faire
Sit seemly Marmaydes combing of their haire,
In Churches eke their Organists now wanting,
Melodious Odes and ditties now recanting.
The vglie dog-fish and deuouring Whales
Gainst pinacles did dash their shining skales:
And where the Goat was woont her food to swallow,
Foule Porpoises and seaish monsters wallow.
Now from his glorious pallace heauens creator
Look'd downe, and saw the world a sea of water:
All was a sea yet wanted it a coast,
Then thought he on the Arke and *Noah* toft:
Through all the world and earth, which manie a night
Hid vnder seas, had seen no cheerfull light.
Foorthwith he charg'd the foggie mysts to vanish,
Then all the windes tempestuous did he banish:
And then retreyt vnto the water soundes,
Commanding it to keepe within his bounds:
Commanding it his fountaines to restraine,
And them to stop their springing heads againe.
Clouds foorthwith fled, and tempestes were appeased,
The seas return'd, and running fountaines ceased.
The scowling morne now left his mourning robe,
And smilingie blush'd on the watery globe.
And shortly might you see meane turrets peepe,
And tops of Pine-trees from the flouds to creepe:
The fleeing arke which long had cleft in sunder
the vast deluge, both caried vp and vnder,

Now

The olde vvorldes

Now vnto East, and now vnto the west,
At length in mounts of *Armeny* did rest.
Twise twentie times had Phœbus drencht his beames,
And Car in graue *Oceanus* his streames.
When as the framer of the subtile Barke,
A window did set open in th Arke.
And forth he sent a Rauen thence, to know
If waters still the land did ouerflow.
Forth flew she, but returned presently
So went and came vntill the earth was drie.
Again, he sends a siluer-winged Doue,
To see if still the waters were aboue.
Out flies the Doue, & through the aire doth go
As swift as any arrow from a bowe.
Much aire she cuts, and in the earth not seeing
One liuing creature any where haue being.
Nor any ground wheron she might remaine,
With weary wings returns to him againe.
Then rested he vntill the day-star bright
Seuen times remoou'd the canopie of night:
Then once againe the Doue he sendeth out,
She mounts aloft and flieth round about.
And finding much dry ground on earth, presumes
To fall thereon, and rouse her ruffled plumes,
Now shakes her selfe, and with her bill them peckes,
Now layes them downe and orderly them deckes,
And hauing long-time frolik'd at her will,
Returned with a green leafe in her bill,
By this knew Noah that the Flood decreased,
Yet other seuen dayes in the arke he rested:
And when bright *Vesper* in the Welkin pale
Had thrise and foure times drawne the cloudy vale,

The

Tragedie.

The third time forth againe he sends the Dove,
She swiftly in the aire her wings doth mooue:
And finding food her body to sustaine,
And ground to rest on, never came againe.
Yet rested *Lamechs* offspring in the Arke,
Till seuen times againe in Welkin darke
Bootes guider of the greater Beare,
Had showne himself, and then expelling feare
Sets ope the doore, and plainly did espie
Floods quite decreas'd, and face of earth all dry.
And then the lord commandment to him gaue
That he with all things els the Arke should leaue.
No stay they made, all things man, bird and beastes,
VVhom *Titan* saw from either of his restes
Alive on earth, came foorthwith from the arke,
There stretcht their limmes, vnweldy yet and starke,
There *Enochs* offspring to his God erected
An altar, who from Floods had him protected:
And theron for his preservation
Did offer vp a just oblation:
The smell wherof vnto his throne arose,
And cast a pleasant odour to his nose.
Expelling quite that detestable stinke
VVhich erst ascended from worldes filthy sinke.
Delighted therefore in this pleasant fauour,
He blest all mankind with his gracious fauour:
Hencefoorth (quoth he) no more my wrathfull curse
Vpon the world or man I will disburse.
For all his thoughts with wickednes are stayned
Fuen from his birth, to time that he is wayned.
Hencefoorth in season shall he plant and sow,
In season shall he after reape and mowe.

The olde worldes

In his due course hot Sommer will I send
And winter, till the earth shall haue an end:
Increase abundantly, bring forth and breed,
And earth againe replenish with your seed.
Beholde, your feare all creatures shall appall,
Rule thou as Lord and maister ouer all.
Whoso shall man bereaue of vitall breath,
His life shall be abridg'd with cruell death.
Blood will haue blood, whoso shall cut mans life,
His also shall be cut with bloody knife.
Encrease abundantly, bring forth and breed,
The earth againe replenish with your seed.
Behold, with thee I make a couenant sure,
A couenant which for euer shall endure,
With earth, and all thinges which thereon remaine,
That I will neuer drowne the world againe,
And to confirme my promised decree,
A certaine seale therof I giue to thee.
This is the seale: a Bowe I meane to shrowde
Of diuers collours in a pitchie clowd.
This is the seale, and this shall be a token,
That this my league at no time shall be broken,
And when I shall all-hiding heauen cloake
With clouds, forth-pouring mystic raine like smoke,
Then I in cloudes will place my certaine seale,
Mine euer-during promise to reueale.
With surging billowes and impartiall raine
That earth shall neuer be destroy'd againe.
And this a signe infallible shall be,
Of mine eternall-durable decree.

FINIS.

David and Beersheba.

S Vch time as *Tytan* with his fiery beames
In highest degree, made dusky *Lea* sweat:
Field-tilling Swains drive home their toiling teams,
Out-wearied with ardencie of heat:
And country heards to seeke a shadie seate:
All mortall things from feruency of weather,
In sheltering shades doe shroud themselues together;

Beersheba wife vnto *Vriah* stout,
A Captaine vnder *Isab* of renowne:
Whom princely *David* with a warring rout
Had sent to beat the pride of *Ammon* downe,
And to besiege and ransacke *Rabbah* towne,
Betooke her selfe into a garden faire,
Inricht with flowers, which sent a pleasant ayre.

On euery side this garden was beset,
With choise of rare delights and Arbors geason:
The Lentisk, fig-tree, and Pomgranet great,
Grew there in order, far surpassing reason.

The ground was deckt with Gyliflowers fine,
Carnations sweet, and speckled sops, in wine.

There might you heare vpon the pleasant trees,
The little birds melodiously to sing:
Vpon the blossoms wrought the painfull Bees,
Neere was it to the pallace of the King,
Within it also was a pleasant spring.

Whose liquid humour moystened the same,
A garden worthy of so worthy dame.

E

Now

David and Beerseba.

Now gathereth she the sweetest of the sweet,
And pretilie from flower to flower trippeth,
Soone after to the fountaine turnes her feet,
Then daintily her hands of glones she strippeth,
And in the Chrystall waues her fingers dippeth.
She likes it well, and calles it passing coole,
And minds to bath her bodie in the poole.

Then nimble castes she off her Damaske frocke,
Her Satten stole most curiously made:
Her Partlet needle-wrought, her Cambricke smocke,
And on a seat thereby them nicely laid.
And so to wash her in the well assayd.
O shut thine eies *Narcissus* come not neere,
Least in the well a burning fire appeare.

Sleep still King *David* in thy Princely bed,
Where now thou takst thine after-dinners nap:
O roule not vp from sleep thy kingly head,
Least by mischaunce thou fall into a trap,
See heere of mans fragilitie a map:
Thou canst not (*David*) needs must thou vpstart,
Thy God will haue thee know how frayle thou art.

Now riseth he, and vp in haste he flies,
Vpon the highest turret of his tower:
There standing, all the Citie ouerpries
Her carued Bulwarkes, and ech goodly bower.
But O vnlucky time, O dismall hower!
Stop *Ishas* sonne thine cares, keep sayles on hie,
Least *Syrens* songs doe drawe thy mind awry.

Suruaying

David and Beersheba.

Surnaying thus his towne, at length he cast
His eye-lids downe, and saw *Beersheba* naked:
His princely heart, which neuer yet did tast
Of euill, stroke with burning feuer quaked:
A fire he caught, by no waues to be slaked.
And as he strives to quench this flaming fire,
Still kindles it with bellowes of desire.

Much better hadst thou kept within thy pallace,
There on thy harpet'aued thy mind with joy:
Or entertain'd some pretie pleasing follace.
But are the godly subject to annoy?
Must they be ruled by a wanton boy?
His eye approou'd, his heart it gaue consent,
And both were spurres vnto his bad intent.

With washing waues her breast he saw her decke,
He calls it *Nectar*, wherof Angels drinke:
With *Iuory* armes she rubs her milky necke,
White *Doues* which fall on snow he doth them thinke
He wisheth he himselfe were at the brinke.
But with the candle whilst he thus doth play,
At last his wings were burned quite away,

And now begins the combatant assault,
Betweene the willing flesh and nilling spirit.
The flesh alluring him vnto the fault,
The spirit tels him of a dreadfull merit.
And in the end flesh conquered the spirit.
He sends, she came, he wooes, she gaue consent,
And did the deed, not fearing to be shent;

David and Beersheba.

What hast thou done, O Psalmist: blush for shame;
Thinkst thou thy sinne will neuer come to light,
No, no, *Iehonab* will reueale the same,
Though thou hadst don't in silence of the night.
Yet would he bring it into open fight:
T'was he would put thy piety in triall,
To see if thou wouldst yeeld or make denyall.

Now three times *Cynthia* in the Welkin bright
Her circle full vnto the earth did lend:
Thrice had she lost againe her borrowed light,
Since *David* with *Beersheba* did offend,
And now began she feele her wombe extend.
What should she doe? her fault she could not couer,
Of many dayes she had not seen her louer.

And now shee moanes her to the King, and sayes
In mournfull sort, shee feesles her selfe with child:
His guilty mind disturbed many wayes,
(Wit waites on feare) finds out a pretie wild,
Wherwith he hopes his maker to beguile.
But what can Prophets then so grossly slide,
And from their God suppose their sinnes to hide?

He sendeth word to *Ioab* presently,
His true estate in letters to expresse:
And therewith send *Vrias* speedilie,
Vrias comes, he readeth their successe,
And bids him goe vnto his wife in peace.
But see, the more he labour'd to conceale it,
So much the more God labour'd to reueale it,

Vrias

David and Beerseba.

Vrias would not goe vnto his house,
But gathered strawe, and layd it in the yard,
And caring not to frolike with his spouse,
He laid him down to sleep amid the Gard.
As soone as *David* had these tydings hard,
He asks him why he rested not at home,
From toying warres art thou not lately come?

No (quoth *Vrias*) tis for me vnfit
To sleep within, whilst *Ioab* is without:
Vnseemly tis to see the seruant sit,
And let his maister toyle and run about:
What, lyeth not the Arke of God without?
I sweare by *Dauids* crowne and princelie head,
Whilst things goethus, I will not come in bed.

And now is *David* vexed worse and worse,
And euery way is forc'd his wits to sift:
By this he hath deuif'd a second course,
And means to put in vre a pretie shift,
To make *Vrias* drunken was his drift.
So thinkes he, hee'ill forget his dutie quite,
And moued be therewith to some delight.

He charg'd his seruantes entertaine him well,
To giue him store of wine, and comfits daintie:
Before the King to banquetting they fell,
Sweet syrrops there they had, and wine great plentie:
He dranke to twentie, and he pledged twenty.
They qualt off flagons full, and spared not,
The third sell alwayes to *Vrias* lot.

David and Beersheba.

Heere, heer (saith one) I drinke vnto my brother,
He pledge him (quoth *Vrias*) hees my friend;
I drinke to such a Captaine (quoth another)
And he to all a good carrouse would send;
Surcharg'd with wine, he staggerd in the end.
He walketh vp and downe the stately hall,
But alwaies leanes, and cleaues vnto the wall.

Full glad was *David* now, and hop'd his plot
Would take effect, he almost was secure:
He heard the souldiour talke he knew not what,
He with *Beershebas* name did him allure,
He thought that night would breed contentment sure,
But whatso ere he built, it could not stand,
For all his worke was built vpon the sand.

Now night was come, all creatures went to rest,
Downe lay the *Hitthite* where he slept before:
King *David* with a sea of cares oppress,
Was driuen welnigh to dispaire his doore,
Yet still against the streame he labours more,
Thus euermore sinne leadeth vnto sinne,
A lesler ends, and greater doth begin.

Stay sinfull King, looke backe, and askethy pardon,
It boots thee not alas thy selfe to hide:
So guiltie *Adam* hid him in the garden,
So *Jonah* fled vpon the surging tide.
Yet quickly had *Iehonah* them espide.
Looke backe (I say) confesse it is much better,
To hide a lesler sinne doe not a greater.

And

David and Beersheba.

And now againe hee's driuen to inuent,
And vp and downe for pollicies to rout:
Yet finds he nothing vnto his content,
At length the deuill a deadly plot doth moue,
And he thereof doth presently approue.
In error blind still walkes the Letcher further,
And thinks to hide adultery with murder.

Obliuious Prophet, call to minde thine oth,
Thou vowd'st to keep the couenant of thy Lord:
More sweet thou sayd'st then combe or honey both,
More deare then Gems which *Tagus* doth afford,
Thou brag'd'st thou joyed'st only in his word,
Chose he not thee his tender lambes to keepe?
And like a Wolfe wilt thou deuoure his sheep?

And now begins this deuilishnesse to bud,
He vnto *Ioab* letters doth indite,
O fearfull letters, messengers of bloud,
He wilth him place him foremost in the fight,
And let him die, whilst they escape by flight.
And by *Vriah* sends he him away,
he guiltlesse beares a sword himselfe to flay.

He guiltlesse beares a sword himselfe to flay,
And harmlesse feares no reason to be wrought:
So doth the Cony fall into the hay,
So is the bird vnto the Lynne-bush brought,
So on the hook the nibling Fish is caught.
he to his Captaine doth his letters bring,
Who readeth them, and minds to doe the thing.

David and Beersheba.

Soone after cauld he them the towne to sacke,
Next to the walles Vrias preass'd amaine;
The Rabbanits came out, *Ionab* fled backe,
And many of his souldiours there were slaine,
Among the which Vrias caught his bane,
O joyfull tydings to th' offenders cares,
Now frolickes he, and no suspicion feares.

Securely now he layes him downe to sleepe,
As he were blemisht with no sinfull spot,
As all his sinnes were drowned in the deepe,
Or *Letbes* waues, where all thinges be forgot,
As though *Iebonah* wink'd and saw him not.
Till at the last vnto his vile disgrace,
Thus *Nathan* sent, reproou'd him to his face.

Ah Churle (quoth he, and sadly tels the tale,)
Within a little cittie dwelling was:
Much cattell had he feeding in his pale,
And pastures faire, which yeelded hay and grasse,
None could be seene in riches him to passe.
Great store of golde he had, of Gems and treasure,
He felt no want, but liued at his pleasure.

A very poore man neere vnto him dwelled,
One little sheep, who fostered at his manger,
To which in loue he mightily excelled
And in his bosome shrouded her from danger.
Now to this Misers house there came a stranger,
And sparing all his owne, vnto the feast
He butchered vp, and eat the poore mans beast.

David and Beersheba.

Hereat was *David* verie sore incens'd,
He chaf'd, and rag'd thereat exceedingly:
Without reuenge his wrath could not be quench'd,
He swore the man that did the sinne should die,
Himselfe would see him tortur'd by and by.
Thou, thou (quoth *Nathan*) art the man indeed
That hath committed this detested deed.

Thus sayth thy God, thou wert a shepherds boy,
A seruile arte, and feddest sheep in field:
Then wert thou subject vnto much annoy,
A russet cloake did thee from weather shield.
And liuedst of the fruite thy flocke did yeeld.
A shepherds hooke vpon thy back thou borest,
A lether scrip about thy necke thou worest.

Then ioyest thou to gather Filberds ripe,
To play at Barly-breake amongst the Swaines:
To tune rude Odes vpon an Oaten pipe,
Thy feeding heards to follow on the plaines,
And driue them backe againe, no little paines
From greedy *Wolues* to shield thy tender *Lambes*,
And meat to fetch vnto their blating *Dams*,

And now thy title low I haue suborned,
Made thee my Prophet of a shepherd base:
And with a Regall Crowne thine head adorned,
I chaung'd thy sheep-hook to a princelie Mace:
What earthly man is now in higher place?
Thou hadst seuen brethren goodlier in blee,
Yet I refusing them, made choise of thee.

David and Beersheba.

I ouerthrew *Goliath* with thy sling,
Thou but a dwarf, and he a Gyant tall,
I gaue thee the daughter of a King,
I sau'd thee from the hands of murthring *Saul*,
I gaue thee wiues, and concubines and all,
I made thee feed my people *Israell*,
And all because I loued thee so well.

And if in heart thou hadst desired more,
More also had I added to thy life:
But thou of wiues although thou haddest store,
Hast taken vnto thee *Vriah* wife,
And caus'd him to be slaine by *Amnahs* knife.
And walking still in this absurditie,
Thinkst to conceale this haynous sin from me:

Now whilst thou liu'st, for this which thou hast done,
The sword shall neuer from thy house depart:
And of thy seed thou shalt beget a sonne,
Which shall pursue thee with a deadly dart.
Now is the *Blow* striken to the heart.
Three sundry times he deuor'd he to speake,
Three times he sob'd as though his heart would break

And now at last begins he to relent,
A showre of teares distilled from his eyes:
His heart is humbled, fearing to be shent,
And lifting mind and hands vnto the skies,
Peccauit Deus, manie times he cries:
Rise vp (quoth *Nathan*) God doth heare thy crye
Thy sin is pardon'd, but thy child shall die.

And

David and Beersheba.

And then in heart as lowly as a childe,
Betakes him to his chamber all alone:
There weepeth he before his maker milde,
And oftimes sobbing, maketh piteous mone,
Complayning other help it he hath none.
Thus in the end distressed as he stood,
He tooke his harpe and warbled out this Ode.

DAVIDS ODE.

O Great Creator of the starrie Pole,
and heauenly things:
O mightie founder of the earthly mole,
chiefe king of Kings.
Whose gentle pardon euermore is nere,
To them which crie vnfaynedly with feare,
Distrest with sin,
I now begin,
To come to thee, O Lord giue care,
O Lord look down frō thy chrySTALLIN throne,
enuiroūd round,
With Seraphins, and Angels manie one,
thy praise who sound:
Such fauour Lord on me vouchsafe to send,
As on thy chosen flock thou doest extend.
To thee alone
I make my mone.
Some pittie father on me send.
Remember Lord, that it is more then need,
to send redresse,

David and Beersheba.

My fore will grow (vnlesse thou help with speed)
remedileffe.

Therefore in mercie looke down from aboue,
And visit me with thy heart-joying loue.

Alas, I see

No cause in me

Which vnto pitie may thee moue.

With sinne I only haue offended thee,

O Lord my God,

And therewithall I purchas'd haue to me
thine heauie rod:

The waight of it doth presse me verie sore,

And brings me wel nigh to dispaire his doore.

Alas I shame

To tell the same.

It is before thee euermore.

And this is not first time I sinn'd alas,

by many[moe:

Within the wombe in sin conceiu'd I was,

Borne was I so.

And since that day I neueryet did cease,

From time to time thy highnesse to displease.

My life hath bin

A race of sin:

Me with thy comfort somewhat ease.

O why did I offend thy glorious Grace

so hainously?

Why fear'd I not the presence of thy face

who stoodest by?

Because I should acknowledge thee most iust,

And

David and Beersheba.

And in mine owne vprightnes should not trust:

Fraile is my flesh

I must confesse,

And nought is it but sinne and dust,

**If thou shalt me asperge with sprinkling grasse,
or Hysope greene:**

**As Chrystall pure, or as the shining glasse,
I shall be cleane,**

**And if thou wilt me wash with water cleare,
More white then Scythian snow I shall appeare**

**Then whitest snow
which wind doth blow**

From place to place both farre and neere,

**My mind O Lord, infectious and foule,
make cleane and pure:**

**Into thy hands I humbly giue my foule
to heale and cure.**

**Out of thy booke all mine offences blot,
And with thy blood quite take away my spot:**

So shall my hart

Be free from smart,

And mine offences quite forgot,

**Turn back thy face which al things doth behold
from heauens vault:**

**Least thou espie my trespasse manifold,
and hainous fault.**

My faults, which are in number many more

**Then little sands which are vpon the shore,
refraine thine ire,**

David and Beersheba.

I thee desire,
And also heale my deadly sore.

Within my breast (O Lord) an humble spirit,
do thou create :

And of thy comfort doe not me disherit,
I thee intreat.

Let me enjoy the sun-shine of thy face,
Take not from me the solace of thy grace,

The holy Ghost:
My comfort most.
Let me retaine in any case.

My tongue vntie, my lips (O Lord) resolute,
thou art the key :

So will my tongue thy mercie great reuolue,
from day to day-

Then shall the wicked learne by mine example,
To keep thy statutes which be sweet and ample

And seeing me,
shall turne to thee,
'And in the right way learne to trample.

Wouldst thou haue bin with sacrifice content,
much fat of Rammes,

Much incense sweet on thee wold I haue spent
and blood of Lambes:

But thou (O God) thereto hast no respect,
A broken heart thou neuer wilt reject :

That sacrifice
Is of most price,
That onlie with thee takes effect.

Be

David and Beersheba.

Be gentle Lord to thy *Sionian* towne,
bow downe thy face,
And on thy *Shalem* send thy mercie downe,
and louing grace:
Reedifie her bulwarkes like to fall,
And vp againe build her decaying wall.
Then will I praise
Thy name alwayes.
And giue burnt offrings therewithall.

Thus did the Psalmist warble out his plaints,
And ceaſeth not from day to day to mone,
His heart with anguiſh of his ſorrowe faints.
And ſtill he kneels before his makers throne.
At midnight ſends he manie a grieuous grone:
So did his God in mercie on him looke.
And all his finnes did race out of his booke.

FINIS,

F. S.